THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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Postmasters throughout the country will do us a favor, as well as be doing their *duty*, to inform us when a subscriber refuses his paper, or when the paper lies dead at their office.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.—Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spares no labor in its proper culture he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success. The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive: study well all the different branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but in society.

FROM A MARRIED WOMAN.

MR. EDITOR:

I want you to enlighten me on one point—that is, if you can, though I don't think you know more about the matter than I do—and perhaps not so much. How is it that courtship is so much pleasanter than marriage!—When I was Miss instead of Mrs., my sweetheart was quite attentive—he brought me home all that was nice in books, and nick-nacks: now a ring, now a gilt-edged volume of poetry—concert tickets were as common as peanuts. Well, one day, I was just fool enough to give up all these for a plain gold ring, and an empty name, became Mrs. C. Oh, Gimini, Mr. Editor! Didn't that make a difference! Now do tell me, as Mr. Tennyson says, "The how and the why!" that's a dear man! LAURETTA.

The same curious anomaly has often struck us, and our curiosity has been so strong at times, that we ourself, have felt half inclined to marry, in order to solve the mistery. We have however, hitherto contented ourself, by consulting most of the greatest philosophers on the subject, but, as usual, got the few ideas we had on it so utterly obfuscated by their explanations, that we tried the women, but got still more bewildered. We shall be glad to hear from any correspondent who thinks she knows! We honestly avow we don't.

THE ART OF LOVE.—All arts continue to improve and flourish but the art of love. The thing is a matter of trade, sale and calculation; and if our time was to produce an Ovid, he would never be popular unless he became an auctioneer.

If thou wouldst conceal thy secret from thine enemy, reveal it not to thy friend.

AN OLD MAID'S LIFE.

A writer on this subject, says (but with rather doubtful comfort)—"And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely: though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will he forget it when he counteth his jewels."

In Harper's Weekly of the 12th, we find the following comments on the late homicide at Washington:

"An injured husband has but three ways of meeting the injury: He may laugh at it, or he may challenge his enemy; this is the French method.—The first recourse affords but little consolation, and requires unusual philosophy, the second may superadd physical to moral injury. He may sue the adulterer for damages. This is the English plan. It involves patience, delay, exposure and disgrace. It parades the injured party to the contumely of the world. It seldom yields substantial profit, and when it does it must be painful to use money obtained at the cost of the virtue of a wife. Finally, the injured husband may take the life of him who has injured him. This is the American system, and latterly it has been followed in many parts of Europe. Terrible as homicide is, this method must, on the whole, be admitted to be that most effectual, the wisest, and the most natural revenge of an outraged husband.

There can be no excuse for the adulterer. He commits a three-fold crime: a crime against the woman whom he misleads; a crime against the man whom he dishonors; a crime against society which he disorganizes. Each of the three calls for condign punishment. In these latter days experience proves that in all such cases society will justify the inflictions of the last penalty by the husband.

All that thou canst do is—to undertake with probability, attempt with prudence, pursue with diligence, and support intervening accidents with ope and patience.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

HUSH THEE, HEART.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

Hush thee, heart, and cease thy sobbing,
Cease for aye thine every moan,
Now thy daily life of plodding
Lieth through the world, *alone*.
Once exalted unto heaven,
All life's sweet's with rapture tasted,
Dashed to earth—to misery given—
All thy dreams of bliss are wasted.

Hush thee, heart, and cease thy sighing,
Sweetly blossomed hope for thee,
Now in autumn graves are lying
Flowers that never more will be!
Gems of Hope so fondly cherished
Never more will I caress thee!
Like the Dead Sea fruit thou'st perished,
Thou hast curst instead of blest me.

Hush thee, heart, and cease thy weeping,
Truly thou art now forsaken,
And thy joys in Lethe sleeping
Never, never will awaken!
Yet 'twere folly to remember
All thy weight of crushing woe—
Life's a long and drear December
And its verdure is but snow.

Hush thee, heart—the false hath broken
All the claims that bind the soul,
And the words of mockery spoken
Still for ever love's control,
When thus bound unt oanother,
Caring not for love nor me,
It were well, false one, to smother
Each fond thought that speaks to thee.

Thou hast crushed a faithful lover,
Thou hast wrung a heart with pain,
But this spell of anguish over
Love may ne'er deceive again!
Mine is not a heart to flutter
Like a bee from bloom to bloom,
And the words to thee I utter
Live to guide me to the tomb.

I could tell thee that I scorn thee
For thy promise false and light,
I could even coldly warn thee
That thy day will have its night;
But I leave thee—one who rifles
Every sacred vow once spoken,
Finds full soon how childish trifles
Leave the heart all lone and broken.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 23.

We are gratified to learn that Gen. George P. Morris, the distinguished editor of the Home Journal, and the universally admired poet and song writer has been appointed United States Consul to Havre. No better or worthier or more gallant man taan Gen. Morris can be found in this or any other country. We hope to hear from him across the sea. A lyre like his should never be silent.—*Union and American.*

Bishop Elliott—University of the South.—The Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, of the Diocese of Georgia, arrived in this city, this morning, from Mobile, and will leave on the eastern train to-night.

Bishop Polk and Elliott have raised in New Orleans, (but without calling on the citizens of that place,) the sum of $250,000, for the University of the South. No single application has been refused. They expect to raise the three millions for endowment very soon.—*Montgomery Mail.*

A heart once given should not be transferable.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

TO——

The happiest hours I ever knew,
I spent them by thy side,
And the dearest hope of all my life—
To have thee for a bride.
But those happy hours, alas! are gone—
Those happy hours of yore,
And oh! it makes me feel so sad,
To know they'll come no more.
To know that one I loved so well,
So treacherous could prove—
Could spurn a heart which blissful thought
You gave it *love for love.*

And the *hope* is fled, alas! is fled,
That *once* my bosom thrilled,
And I could almost wish me dead
To have my *feelings* stilled
To cease to think of one whose life
Is dearer than mine own
And had I gained thee for a wife,
No greater bliss I'd known.
But go! the troubles of my breast
I will not plaintive sing,
But bid my spirit await the rest
I hope the future'll bring.

COMMODORES DECATUR AND BARRON.

THEIR FATAL DUEL.

The duel between James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both post-captains in the American navy, took place on the 22d of March, 1820, at Bladensburg, near Washington.—This was the most melancholy of all the fatal combats that ever came off upon that celebrated duelling ground. Decatur was in the vigor of his manhood, and in the zenith of his fame. The brilliant heroism he had displayed on several trying occasions had fully tested the mettle of the man, and made him the glory of the navy and the pride of the nation. When, therefore, the intelligence gradually spread that Decatur had fallen, a gloom overspread the land, and a nation was bowed in sorrow over his grave.

The causes which led to this fatal encounter had been accumulating for a series of years. In 1807, Commodore Barron, then in command of the Chesapeake, left the port of Norfolk, Virginia, with his vessel so unprepared for defence that, on meeting the British ship Leopard, he was compelled to lie to, submit his vessel to search and allow several of his seamen, claimed as British deserters, to be taken from his decks, without firing a gun. This affair roused great indignation throughout the country, and was one of the causes of the last war with Great Britain. A Court of Inquiry, which was convened to investigate the conduct of Barron on the occasion, deemed that the facts were sufficiently grave to entitle them to the consideration of a court martial. A court martial was subsequently held, and the result was, that Commodore Barron was suspended from the service. Commodore Decatur was a member of both the Court of Inquiry and the Court martial.

This was one cause of Barron's enmity; for he considered that Decatur having formed and expressed an opinion from hearing the evidence before the Court of Inquiry, could not sit on the Court martial with a mind unbiased, and therefore he ought not in honor to have sat as one of his judges at all.

Another cause was this: Commodore Barron, shortly after his suspension, went abroad and resided in Europe for several years. During his absence the war of 1812 broke out, in which the officers of the American Navy had frequent opportunities for meeting the vessels of Great Britain on the element which they hitherto claimed as peculiarly their own, and the result was that they had fought their vessels into the respect of the world, and covered themselves with glory. After the war was over and peace declared, Commodore Barron applied for restoration to his rank This Commodore Decatur opposed.—He insisted that he "ought not to be received again into the naval service; that there was not employment enough for all the officers who had faithfully discharged their duty to their country in the hour of trial; and that it would be doing an act of injustice to employ him to the exclusion of any one of them." In endeavoring to prevent his readmission, he conceived he "was performing a duty he owed to the service, and that he was contributing to the preservation of its respectability."

Such were the relations of the parties up to June 1819. At that time Commodore Decatur was residing in Washington City, and Commodore Barron at Hampton, near Norfolk, in Virginia—he having returned to this country in 1818. Decatur still continued to oppose the readmission of Barron to the Navy, and in doing so, no doubt expressed his opinions freely and unreservedly. "Some individual, ingenious in fomenting quarrels for others," says Mackenzie's History, "contrived to make these opinions the occasion of a personal difficulty" between them. At any rate, the remarks of Decatur were so reported to Barron as to draw from him the following letter, which was the first of a series of long communications between them marked with great asperity on both sides, and finally resulting in the memorable meetting of the 22d of March following:

HAMPTON, VA. JUNE 12, 1819

SIR:—I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so, you will, no doubt, avow it, and I shall expect to hear from you.

JAMES BARRON.

To this Decatur replied, "Whatever I may have *thought or said in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct*, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been guilty of so much egotism as to say that 'I could insult you' (or any other man) 'with impunity.'"

Barron apparently accepted this as a general disavowal, for in replying he says, "Your declaration, if I understand it correctly, relieves my mind from the apprehension that you had so degraded my character as I had been induced to allege." But Decatur was not disposed to have his reply construed as a general disavowal.—He therefore writes, "I request you to understand distinctly that I meant no more than to disclaim the *specific* and *particular* expression to which your inquiry was directed. As to the motives of several gentlemen, they are a matter of perfect indifference to me, as are also your motives in making such an inquiry."

This note was dated June 20.—Four months now elapsed, and the affair appeared to be at an end. But during this period Decatur had sent the correspondence to Norfolk, where it had been read by Barron's friends and commented upon. This caused a renewal of the communications between the parties. Barron, under date of October 23rd, speaks of the "rancor" exhibited by Decatur toward him; of the "cruel and unmerited sentence" passed upon him by the court of which he had been a member; and of the hopes he had entertained, after an exile of nearly seven years, that Decatur would have now suffered him to enjoy the solace that his lacerated feelings required. He adds, "I am also informed that you have tauntingly and boastingly observed that you would cheerfully meet me in the field, and hoped I would yet act like a man." He characterizes such conduct toward one situated as he is, and oppressed as he has been chiefly through Decatur's means, as unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.—He considers Decatur as having given the challenge, which he *accepts*.—"I flatter myself," says he "from your known personal courage, that you would disdain any undue advantage which your superiority in the use of the pistol, and the natural defect in my vision, increased by age, would give you."

Decatur replies in a letter of great length. He had not sent the correspondence to Norfolk, he says, until three months after its conclusion. If it had alienated his friends from him such effect was to be attributed to the correspondence itself. The papers spoke for themselves; he had sent them without written comment.

He declares that there has never beeen any personal difference between them; but that he entertained, and still does entertain the opinion, that his conduct as an officer, since the affair of the Chesapeake, has been such as ought forever to bar his re-admission in the service. He then gives the facts on which he grounds this opinion; that Barron had stated to the British Consul Pernambuco, that if the Chesapeake had been prepared for action he would not have resisted the attack of the Leopard, as he knew there were deserters on board his ship; that the President of the United States knew there were deserters on board, and of the intention of the British to take them; and that the President caused him to go out in a defenseless state, for the express purpose of having his ship attacked and disgraced, and thus attaing the favorite object of involving the United States in a war with Great Britain.—Decatur's informant added, "I am now convinced that Barron is a traitor; for I can call by no other name a man who would talk in this way to an Englishman."

Decatur then pointedly suggests that, as the affair of the Chesapeake excited the indignant feelings of the nation and was one of the causes that produced the war, it behooved Barron to take an active part in that war, for his own sake, patriotism out of the question. But that, instead of being in the foremost ranks on an occasion which so emphatically demanded his best exertions, he remained abroad, without manifesting any disposition to return home, although various opportunities were daily occurring, and though urged by his friends to do so.

With regard to Barron's considering himself as challenged, Decatur says:

"I never invited you to the field, nor have I expressed a hope that you would call me out. I stated that if you made the call I would meet you; but that, on all scores, I should be much better pleased to have nothing to do with you. I do not think that fighting duels under any circumstances, can raise the reputation of any man, and have long since discovered that it is not even an unerring criterion of personal courage. I should regret the necessity of fighting with any man; but in my opinion, the man who makes *arms his profession* is not at liberty to decline an invitation from any person who is not so far degraded as to be beneath his notice. Having incautiously said I would meet you, I will not consider this to be your case, although you may think so; and if I had not pledged myself, I might consider the case. As to my skill in the use of the pistol, it exists more in your imagination than in reality. For the last twenty years I have had but little practice, and the disparity of our ages, to which you have been pleased to refer, is, I believe not more than five or six years."

"From your manner of proceeding it appears to me that you have come to the determination to fight some one, and that you have selected me for that purpose; and I must take leave to observe, that your object would have been better attained had you made this decision during our late war, when your fighting might have benefited your country as well as yourself."

To this long letter Barron replied that a much more laconic answer would have suited his purpose, which was, to obtain at his hands honorable redress for the accumulated insults which he, in particular, of all his enemies, had attempted to heap upon him, in every shape in which they could be offered. No consideration (says he) no power or authority on earth could or ought to have forced any liberal, high-minded man to sit in a case which he had prejudiced. He pronounces the report that he had said, "If the Chesapeake had been prepared for action he would not have resisted the attack of the Leopard," a falsehood—a malicious, ridiculous, absurd, and improbable falsehood—which no man would credit who did not wish to make the public believe him an idiot.

With regard to his absence from the country during the war, he says that Decatur, in searching the Navy Department for charges against him, might have found there his letter applying for service, as soon as an opportunity offered, after his suspension expired. But his letter of application for service had not even been honored with an answer, and what hope had he for employment?

In speaking of Decatur's efforts to bar his readmission into the service, he says he has a *motive*, not to be concealed from the world. Respecting the challenge, he says, "It is true you haver given me a direct, formal and written invitation to meet you in the field, such as one gentlemen of honor *ought* to send to another. But if your own admissions, that you would meet me if I wished it, do not amount to a challenge, then I cannot comprehend the object or import of such declarations. All I demand is to be placed on equal grounds with you."

On the subject of dueling I perfectly coincide with the opinions you have expressed. I consider it as a barberous practice, which ought to be exploded from civilized society. But, Sir, there may be cases of such extraordinary and aggravated insult and injury received by an individual, as to render an appeal to arms on his part absolutely necessary. Mine I conceive to be a case of that description."

Decatur responds that he was not challenged nor does he intend to challenge him. "I do not consider it essential to my reputation that I should notice any thing which may come from you, the more particularly when you declare your sole object in wishing to draw the challenge from me is, that you may avail yourself of the advantages which rest with the challenged. It is evident that you think, or your friends for you, that a fight will help you; but in fighting, you wish to incur the least possible risk. Now, sir, not believeing that a fight of this nature will raise me at all in the public estimation, but may even have a contrary effect, I do not feel at all disposed to remove the difficulties that lie in your way. If we fight, it must be of your seeking, and you must take all the risk and all the inconvenience which usually attend the challenger in such cases."

Decatur concludes by saying, "I have now to inform you that I shall pay no farther attention to any communication you may make to me, other than a direct call to the field."

To this Barron, replies, January 16, 1820, "Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call. The whole tenor of your conduct to me justifies this course of proceeding on my part."

On the 24th Decatur accepts the call and refers Barron to his friend Commodore Bainbridge as authorized to make all necessary arrangements. Baron replies, February 6, that Decatur's communication found him confined to his bed with a billious fever, and it was eight days after its arrival before he had been able to read it, and that as soon as he was in a situation to write, Decatur should hear from him to the point. Barron probably wrote a final note, but it is not published. This then closed the correspondence.

The contest was likely to prove an unequal one. Decatur was esteemed to have no superior in the use of the pistol. His skill and precision were the theme of common remark. Besides this he had been a duelist almost from his boyhood, and was well versed in all the practices and technicalities of the code. It is related of him that, when a young liutenant, having been treated with great discourtesy at Philadelphia by an officer of an India ship, he challenged him, by the advice of his father. Before going to the field, Decatur declared his intention not to inflict a mortal injury on his antgonist, but to wound him in the hip. He did so, escaping himself unhurt. He had been engaged in other difficulties, and always with success.

On the other hand, Barron labored under one great disadvantage. He was near-sighted. In conflict where so much depends on a quick and accurate aim, he was thoroughly conscious how much the chances were against him in consequence of this deficiency, to say nothing of his own want of experience and Decatur's acknowledged superiority as a marksman. This circumstance will account for the persistent endeavors exhibited by Barron in his correspondence to draw the challenge from Decatur, that he might secure "the privilege allowed to the challenged party in relation to the choice of weapons, distance, etc." If he could succeed in doing this, he hoped to be able to name such terms as would, in some degree, remedy his own deficiencies, and place him as nearly as possible on an equal footing with his more skillful antagonist. But this could not be done. He plainly saw that if he expected to meet Decatur at all, he himself must give the challenge and take the risks. In wording his invitation, therefore, he expressly stipulates for such terms, in effect, as he would have had the right to name had the invitation come from Decatur; terms by which no advantage would result to Decatur from his nearness of vision and want of experience. For, he says, "Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call."

The great difficulty, therefore, was to make such arrangements for the meeting as under the circumstances would be considered "fair and equal." From the fact that nearly seven weeks intervened between the date of the last note and the day named for the duel, it is inferred that there was much negotiation between the seconds before everything was shaped to the satisfaction of each. The arrangements, however, were at length concluded, the time fixed was the 22d of March; the place, the ground near Blandensburg; the weapons, pistols, and the distance eight paces.

It was also provided that each party, after being placed, should raise his pistol and take a *deliberate aim* at the other *before the word fire was given*. This, it was considered, was due to Barron on account of his defective vision, and was deemed to be placing them as nearly on an equality as possible.

Of the spirit and intentions with which they went into the contest little is known. It is said of Decatur, that, when he received the challenge, he turned to Commodore Rodgers, after reading it, and remarked that nothing could induce him to take the life of Barron. He subsequently stated to Mr. Wirt, who was in his confidence, that he did not wish to meet Barron, and that "the duel was forced upon him." On the morning of the duel, "while at breakfast," remarks Mr. Hambleton "he was quite cheerful, and did not appear to have any desire to take the life of his antagonist; indeed, he declared that he should be very sorry to do so.

The parties met on the 22d of March, 1820, in the same field upon which Mason had fallen thirteen months before. Commodore Decatur was attended by Captain William Bainbridge as his second, and Commodore Barron by Capt. Jessee O. Elliott. Several other gentlemen were also present, among whom were Captains Rodgers and Porter, Dr. Washington and Mr. Hambleton.

After the principals had been placed in their respective positions, each with pistol in hand, and ready for the contest which was to result so disastrously to Decatur, and to spread such sorrow over the land, Barron addressed Decatur and observed: "Sir, I hope, on meeting in another world, we shall be better friends than in this." Decatur responded: "I have never been your enemy, sir." Nothing more was said, but each now waited the word.

While standing thus, only ten paces distant, each covered by the pistol of the other, the word was pronounced. Both fired, and fired so nearly at the same instant, that there seemed to be but one report.

Both fell. Decatur was apparently shot dead and Barron, to all appearance, mortally wounded. But Decatur revived after a while, and was supported a short distance, when he sank down again under his antagonist.

Then it was, as they lay on the ground weltering in blood, with their heads not ten feet apart, that a conversation took place between them, of which it is to be regretted that only fragments have been preserved. The interview was inexpressibly affecting, reminding one, says an eye-witness, "of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven, for he supposed they would both die immediately. Decatur said he had never been his enemy; that he freely forgave him his death, though he could not forgive forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed, "Would to God that you had said thus much yesterday!"—Their last interview was a friendly one, and they parted in peace. Decatur knew he was to die, and his only sorrow was that he had not died in the service of his country."

As Decatur was being placed in the carriage, Barron said to him: "Every thing has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

Decatur was conveyed to Washington, where he expired just before eleven o'clock on the same night, at his residence, near Lafayette square.—His house is still standing. It is the same that was occupied by Mr. Livingston, while Secretary of State in the administration of President Jackson, and subsequently by Mr. Van Buren, while Vice President of the United States.

Barron was also borne to Washington, where he was confined by his wound until the 10th of April, when, being able to travel, he left for his home at Hampton, in Virginia.

RATHER GREEN.

A youth in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighborhood.

But vainly he tried to arouse
From her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen!

Mr. Jones having taken to himself a beautiful little wife, expected to pass the remainder of his life in happiness, but he says he never stays out late at night, without being subjected to a spirited and prolonged curtain lecture. He does not, he says, agree with Shelly, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," but is rather inclined to think that "a thing of beauty is a *jaw* forever. Perhaps he married for money; Poor Jones!

A man who has no bills against him, belongs to an order of no-bil-ity in more than one sense.

Boys are like vinegar, when there is much *mother* in them they are always sharp.

Prejudice is as a thick fog, through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

Why is it that young ladies have a greater fear of lightning than those of the sterner sex? Because they are sensible of their power of attraction.

In South Carolina not a single divorce has ever been obtained.